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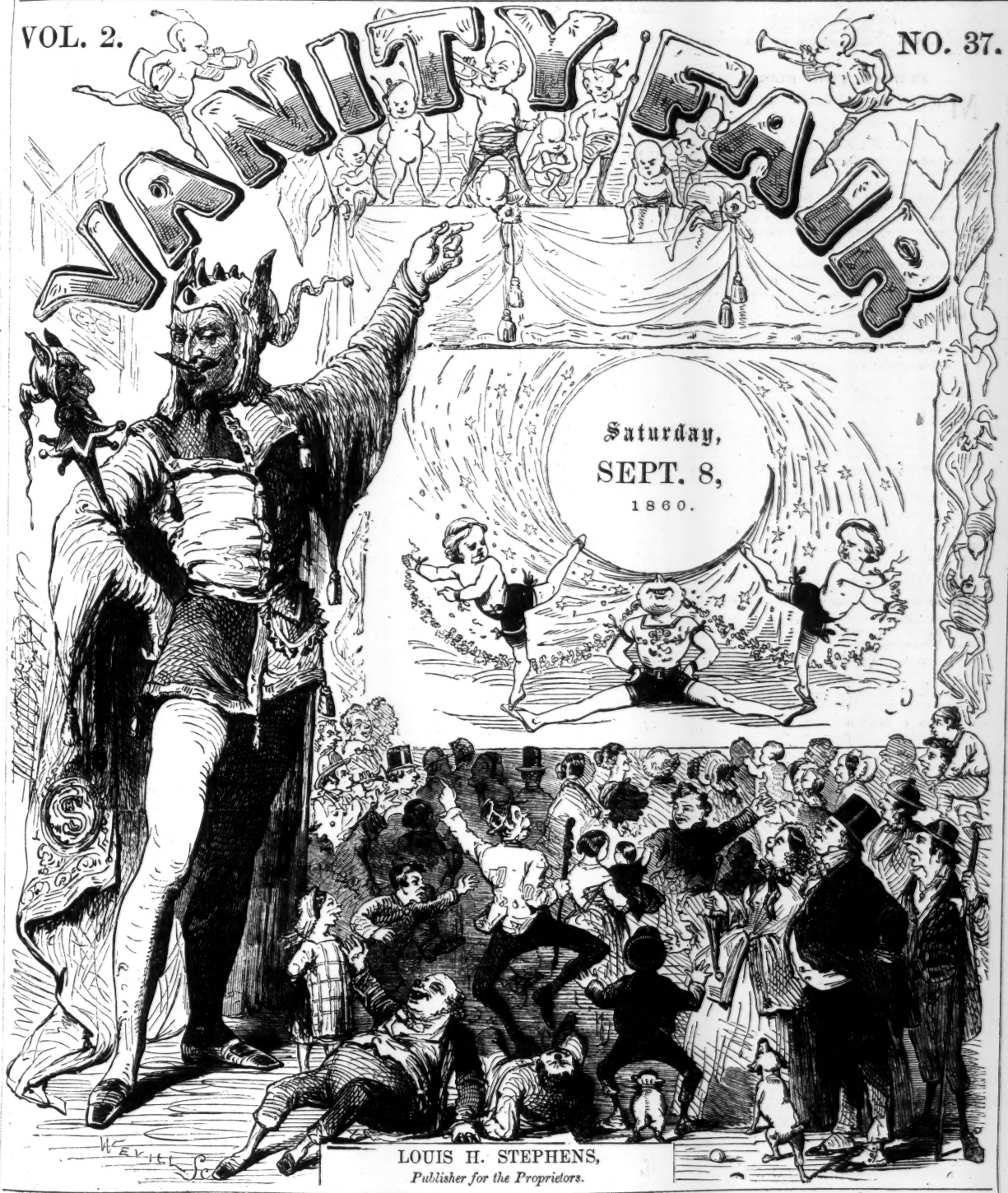
# VANITY FAIR

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TO ADVERTISERS,

☞ See 2d Page. ☜

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## OF BROADWAY SPUYTENTUYFEL

AND HIS COUSIN,

## PEYTONA RANDOLPH DE ACCOMAC.

UP THE MIDDLE, DOWN THE SIDES, AND CRISS-CROSS THE WHOLE MANIFEST DESTINATION OF THE UNIVERSAL AMERICAN CONTINENT.

CHAPTER XI.

*NEWPORT.*

T'S all very well, quoth Captain DICK as he unfolded his legs after dinner at Catalpa Cottage, and glanced over the last number—35—of VANITY FAIR—— "all very well BROADWAY, my boy—and then again it isn't. Now that one paragraph on the American Idea, to my mind, hits the bull's eye, and rings the bell for the curtain to rise on a big thing. It's the grain of salt which once in a while, saves all that in-fer-nal game-European-experience, you *will* persist in giving. But don't you candidly believe now, that the Sierra Nevada—Californiawards there—with the crack of Indian rifles aimed at you, and the howls of grizzlies eating up your mule is a bigger thing than Mont Blanc with gimcrackery cherry-bark-horns a blowing, and a chamois jumping! Lord!—I passed last evening with a man who went over the Plains with me years ago; one of those men who are self-respectful as one may say—and truthful—I tell you, JIM BECKWOURTH may be a heap of a liar, but I reckon we summed up as much as he did, without going an inch out of the way. Boys—we talked all about Indians, buffaloes, antelopes, night camps and one visit to the skeleton camp, where forty odd bleached skeletons lay whitening away, scattered here and there as they laid down and died the year before of starvation. Of the cordon drawn by a party of Sioux, who were on the war trail half starved, across the perara and their chief who held talk with them, swar'ing that unless the white men gave them food they'd crack away at 'em. How the Sioux were faced down, and *then* the fast travelling they made for fear the red devils would rally in greater number and rub them out. Ha! It strikes me there's savage music in all this kind of life that we are neglecting. To be sure there are plenty to describe it, and very well too they do it—but it's like that initial of an Indian woman you've got—it's spirited, characteristic, well drawn—but wants a man's hat on her head and a fringe to her blanket——"

"La, la, la!" interrupted WIDOW. "Stop your grumbling—you old storm-wind! You expect a hickory nut to grow on a camelia japonica don't you? How could BROADWAY be doing *me* justice I'd like to know"—here WILLY got up, risingly, a superb burlesque on her own airs and graces, with sublime court-courtesy *a la* CATALPA—"if he followed your advice—you ignorant old heathen! How could he do justice to *me*, if he painted Indian squaws—uh!—New Mexican senoritas as broad as they're long—the nasty things! Arn't we *historical products*, I should like to know, as much as your aboriginal creatures? Arn't the flowers which grow out of the dirt as valuable as the dirt itself? *Bête. Cr'r'r'r'ètin!*"

And WILLY run her thumb-nail over the ridges of her palmleaf fan, with an aggravating, cruel, unmerciful, semi-circular *r'r'r'it*, expanding, dilating and joyfully flood-tiding thereby into a torrent of triumph while the Captain dwindled, waned, ebbed, decreased, shrivelled, faded, shed, simmered down and dried up. And a great awe gathered over us all, for those who ought to know, bare witness that this was the first time wherein it was on record, or had gone up that WILLY WILLABY had ever pitched into any body except Apple Meringues, or in which Captain DICK had ever endured a tanning and caved.

There was a solemn silence broken at last by CATALPA.

"Satan hath been among us my brethren," quoth she. "Let us try the Maraschino!"

---

See those Blossomes fayded
On Lyfe's sultrie Plaine!
Soone you'll wilte as they did
Neere to sproute againe;
Yonder Rose decayinge,
Tho' itt haint no Tongue,
Lookes as iff 'twere sayinge
"Go itt whyle you're younge!"

No place out where people with tin in pocket, go it more exqueesively than at Newport. Then went the Jury out whose names were Mr. NO GOOD, Mr. LOVE-LUST, Mr. LIVELOOSE, and Mr. HIGH MIND—all of them gentlemen of good estate. And these with Mr. BLINDMAN, the Foreman, unanimously concluded in a private verdict publicly expressed to go it blind, lemons or no lemons, and letter rip into the great Enemy, and Filthy Nuisance, SIMON SLOW-COACH Esq., who was the Prisoner delivered by Providence into their Hands. And first among themselves, Mr. BLINDMAN of Baltimore said: "I see clearly that this Man is a Heretic" Then said Mr. NO GOOD, of Lexington Avenue, "Away with such a fellow from the Earth!" Then said Mr. LOVE-LUST, (a great dancer of the German) "I could never endure him." "Nor I," said Mr. LIVE-LOOSE (of the Century Club) "A sorry scrub," said Mr. HIGH-MIND. Then said BLINDMAN the Fore-man, "Might I have all the world given me, I would never be reconciled to him; therefore let us forthwith bring him in guilty of death!" And so they did—and having carried SLOW-COACH out on a chip, they drowned him in a glass of Chateau Yquem, and slung him over the Cliffs into the Sea. Thus came SIMON to his end, and wig-wagged no more! Verdict—"served him right!"

In this little allegory, Beloved, there is set forth a right cheerful and solacing scene from that grand old primeval VANITY FAIR, in which you and I dwell with such real good will and relishing love. A dainty scene it is, and one repeated every summer at Newport, where SLOW COACH is annually arrested, tried, and put to death by merry and true-hearted gentlemen, in presence of gay and gentle dames—sorrow it is that the caitiff should be a vampire, always rising again from his foul death! Yes, they who try him do love pleasure, and pride, and the world, and worldly joys—poor sticks they'd be if they didn't—and it is a sin and shame to this generation that so few have risen to rebuke him who dared smear the slime of vile names and hideous falsehood over genial jovial VANITY FAIR. Ah, JOHN BUNYAN—when you stole your only idea from the old monk's *Itinerarium*, did it never occur, oh Puritan Thief, that a day would come centuries after, when the world would begin to slowly wake up and wonder why it had allowed this foul slander of Truth, Nobility, Joyousness and Beauty to go on so long unrebuked. It is awaking—it is learning that Goodness with Religion and the Joys of this world are not irreconcilable foes—that life need not be simply a pilgrimage of agony—that VANITY FAIR is not, and never was a mass of mere unmixed iniquity and abomination. Thus endeth the fourth lesson.

---

Great institution at Newport—drive to Fort. No public roads at Newport—all private—'cause why—farmers farm out the gates on 'em to little boys who receive pennies for opening said portals. One good gate worth about $300 per season. When you go riding, prepare by obtaining pocket full of nicks—find nix in it on returning—square on the sound in one way at least. Passenger comes up to gate, finds it shut—tosses copper to small Yankee or Irish boy—boy opens and closes it again with great celerity, for fear another carriage shoot through. No. II comes—gate opens—another copper—and so on. Get to Fort—drive round and round, as in Spanish Plaza—hear music—criticise women and horses—see all sorts people—shovel home. Cool breeze—pleasant drive—*air de fête* everywhere—grand old Newport.

Who is there you don't see at Ocean House, Bellevue, round town, and so on? Have seen on portico of former hostelrie, sitting in a row like pigeons on edge of a roof, seventeen or twenty people, every one of whom figures over the country in "distinguished arrivals," or at least in "Personals." And "be good to me" if when driving out, I havn't closed my eyes and thought the good folks with me were reading a piece of mild JENKINS, say for instance from the *Washington States*. Such was specially the case, Beloved, when driving with WIDOW, CATALPA'S jolly cousin LA TOURETTE, and LA TOURETTE'S brothers WOLF and RAVEN.

[What names!! You may well say that, Ma'am. The fact is

they belonged to that extraordinary phenomenon, a nick-naming family. Did you never come across one?]

It was glorious to have COUNTESSINA CATALPA insist on one's making up a party with—say for example LA TOURETTE, WIDOW, and RAVEN. Dark complexioned, short black front curls, long foreign black eyes, plumpy and jolly was this LA TOURETTE; very majestically and eminently a *sensible* and tender-hearted girl, but formed on a peculiar style of intelligent common sense, which was a little foreign to the Anglo-Saxon American standard. Deep, rich contralto voice—when excited, flowing out in melodious wild cry—a merry *hurrah!* which had in it the coo of pigeon, the purr of a puss, the lower notes of the clarionet, sandal-wood perfume, and dark violet shading—there was a whole life to love in that cry.

RAVEN was a young brown giant—a thorough-bred, of few outlines and shades, but all good—like one of MILLAIS' his wood-drawings. Marvelous were the stories extant of RAVEN's strength. How he could lift a ton. How he drew himself up by one little finger. How he put up 150 from the shoulder. Bent pokers. Snapped fence rails. Held WIDOW out on open hand, and "prevailed" over the iron muscles and high game of Captain DICK. It was a grand party to let out loose after CATALPA's superb grays, and we preambled along seraphically.

"There goes H. T. TUCKERMAN!" quoth WIDOW. "Fine-looking man is'nt he? That one next to him is GEORGE BOKER of Philadelphia. He always passes the summer out at BATEMAN's—fishing for bass like an Apostle—oh, look! there goes CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, and Miss STEBBINS—and HATTIE HOSMER's in town, they say—that's HUNT the arist, and I do believe I just saw HIRAM FULLER. Is'nt that Mr. BRYANT—yes—Oh, is'nt he the very *idéal* of a fine old bard—and how well he is represented as such in that picture at the Century—don't you remember seeing it, dear, at the la t ball? why

LA TOURETTE AND HERCULES.

I saw Mr. LEUTZE pointing it out to you, I'm sure! Bless my s ul! there's DOUGLAS—did'nt you see him last night at the hop r t the Atlantic, given to his wife. Oh, look!—there's that sweet little thing, PATTI—is'nt she a darling? I wonder where little Wi orst is this summer—she had a wee little cottage here last year, nd I used to see her and the BOURCICAULTS every afternoon almost, own at the Rocks. Is'nt that Colonel COLT—remember seeing him shoot with you, once—no—'twas RANDOLPH—here at New ort. There's a lot of the Scrauton Fishing Club—jolly old bucks, ar'nt they to be sure—six of 'em members of Congress—go sailing on an annual lobster-salad bender. Do any of you know Madame LE VERT—I declare BRIGNOLI's looking very well—did you see the Marquis CHANDOIS at West Point—I thought I just saw ANSON BURLINGHAME—I declare, I never would marry a man named FOOT, for fear people would call us the FEET——

WIDOW's supply of talk very much like Widow's oil—never runs out. Crowd of vehicles began to thin—got out of multitude into open country—got along in good time, and began to be jolly. Suddenly became aware of nuisance—insolent looking young man, got up in black whiskers and "genteel" blackguard elegance, was dusting us rather too often for our own comfort, and devoting such time as he could, to staring side-ways and backwards at LA TOURETTE.

There was no denying it—the Insolent had a fine animal or—not to be be ambiguous—a remarkably fast mare, and he passed us *ad libitum*. It became every minute plainer that he was something worse than no gentleman, and that something must be done. Well-bred toleration was wearing out, and WILLY—the soul of all good-natur —inquired if I had a revolver. Again INSOLENT shot ahead and again did he fall back—staring and glaring all the time with that half-smiling, immovable brazenness which is believed by low comedians to be immensely the thing, and which is always provotive of homicide in all decent folks.

All the while Young GOLIAH sat perfectly still, noticing nothing, apparently in no respect mussed, and as it were with unrumpled b osum. I must say I felt a little ashamed of BIG THUNDER, to see him w ap up in the blanket on such an occasion, and lie down on the rear-s in. There are times when vitality is cheerful, and signs of gass are reviving. How to Do It was the only question, and that isn't always apparent when 'tother party has a mare which travels like lubricated fulminance. I was just reverting to the revolver theory, s ggested by WILLY—was just calculating whether it would be m st inhuman to shoot the man or the mare—inclining of course a a Christian to the former—preparatory squint at the youth's arm, b ing determined to try for only slightually winging him—was r viewing in advance OLD VIRGINNY's delight, with that of DAMBARGER's and BLANCHE's——

Just then YOUNG BLACKGUARD came rowling by again like a t rnado. As he toddled past, the Colossus awoke. Putting f rth his hand, he grasped INSOLENT by the collar, lifted him completely away out of his seat—the mare and sulkey shot ahead d i er-less—and as we rode along, held the captive out easily at arm's length.

It was a fine sight to see, and we enjoyed it. The roars of laughte from WILLY and TOURETTE, the calm triumph of RAAEN who like all stout phlegmatickers when they *have* achieved a brilliant f at are radiantly proud thereover—the rattling volley of cusses and d——ns from the kicking choking victim were all immensely n ce. Suddenly I heard a shout behind—a wild merry cry—and t rning beheld DICK, BLANCHE and the rest of 'em in a light wagon, working pretty well up to us.

"Lay on the leather SPUYTENTUYFEL!" quoth BIG THUNDER. I c n hold him easy, as far as the next puddle. Kick away if you w nt to—you *sacre* son of Satan!" he continued. "If you want t break your legs on the wheels, *I* don't care."

We w re going down a hill rather rapidly and acquiring a beautiful mo entum. Just at its base lay a lovely dirty duck-puddle, a out neck-deep, a little out of the road.

"Keep her well up by the fence, SPUYTENTUYFEL!" quoth GIANT. "Are you ready!"

Rip—S ap!

"There!" And with this BIG THUNDER, by a stupendous and n ver sufficiently to be praised effort of muscular Christianity, shot h s captiv , single handed, over the stone fence—(the heathen round Newport, etc., call 'em walls)—into the liquid. A merry cheer g eeted h s disappearance from sunlight.

We ha e always encouraged in WILLY BOY, the belief that he remained in that puddle. And as we didn't stop to *see* him come o t—who knows? But to this day little WILLY sometimes asks very e nestly,

"Now o say—seriously—do you believe that man ever came o t of that mud-puddle?"

### Did you ever.

Speakin of some private theatricals that were indulged in at G en Cove the other day, some one in the *Times* says:

"The stag management was entrusted to the able direction of Mr. PIERREPONT E WARDS the brilliant author of "The Romance of a Poor Young Man."

Now this just shows how one may be mistaken! We of VANITY FAIR had always imagined, in the simplicity of our hearts, that a certain French gentleman, M. OCTAVE FEUILLET by name, was the "author" not only of the play but of the novel entitled "The Romance of a Poor Young man." And now we learn from the *Times* that the Gaul is nothing more than a plagiarist of Mr. PIERREPONT EDWARDS, he having translated that gentleman's work in o French and taken the credit of its authorship to himself. The impudence of these foreigners!

The men Sambo thinks are rogues in New-York.

Al-der-men.

BLACK MAIL.

*Religious Contributor.*—WON'T TAKE THREE CENTS FOR THAT 'ERE MELON, HAY? VERY WELL, OLD PUNKIN, LOOK OUT FOR A FULL SKETCH OF YER PRIVATE LIFE AND CHAR-ACK-TER IN THE NEXT NUMBER OF THE "BUMERY BUNG STARTER"—THAT'S ALL!"

### An Art Item.

We are glad to announce to our readers that Senator DOUGLAS has become so contrite about his recent indiscreet speeches in New England as to order from the distinguished sculptor BARTHOLOMEW, a work to commemorate his (the Senator's) return to reason. Needless to say that this is to be a companion-piece to the famous "Eve" of that artist, and that it will be entitled "Steve Repentant."

### Abbreviated Bliss.

A Portland paper tell us that Gen. TOM THUMB is shortly to marry a rich and beautiful lady of that city. We d..'t mean any disrespect to the General when we advise the country editors not to chronicle the affair under their stereotyped heading of "A Marriage in High Life."

### In Memory of:

"The African King of Dahomey intends sacrificing two thousand persons in honor of his deceased father, and floating a canoe in their blood.

How touching is filial affection in the case of the wooly-headed monarch!

### Fiat Justitia.

Somebody complains that we don't give Old Buck "a fair show.' Why yes we do—a VANITY FAIR show. "*He* cannot complain you know."

### Positive and Comparative.

The difference between Dutch music and Dutch Lager.

One is My Beer the other is Myerbeer.

### About as bad as they make them.

*Q.* Has the hen any way about her that reminds you of a ship? *A.* Yes, the Hatchway.

## AT IT AGAIN.

It is but recently that we found occasion to eulogize the Papal powers that be in Italy. The story of FRANCISCO CASANOVA, naturalized American citizen, and the record of the kindnesses showered upon him by the amiable ANTONELLI on his return to his native land, are fresh in the minds of the readers of these pages. Therefore is it that we rejoice much at being able, after so short an interval, to reiterate the praise in that case willingly accorded.

PIO NINO is a dear old gentleman, and ANTONELLI is really a delightful fellow, despite everything that the envious may say to the contrary.

Who that has read the latest news from Italy, dares doubt our assertions? Who that has heard of the Pope's affectionate treatment of the soldiers in his army can question for a moment that reverend prelate's kindness of heart? Who that finds in his morning paper, that "a number of deserters from the papal army have signed a declaration in which they say their chief promised if they would not desert, that on the first outbreak of the slightest character at Perugia, the town should be given up to the soldiery for pillage," who, we say, that reads this, can sufficiently applaud the Head of these chiefs in his Vatican at Rome, giving sanction to such liberality? For, if granting one's faithful warriors permission to spread horrors about them, to desolate homes without number, to outrage women, and butcher men, is not doing the handsome thing, we should like to know what is, that's all.

### A slight Difference.

That odious *Herald*, in giving an account recently, of a disturbance in the Third Presbyterian Church of Jersey, headed the paragraph thus:—

"ALLEGED ROWDYISM AMONGST CHURCH MEMBERS—"

The mild *World* itemizes the occurrence under this caption:—

"PAINFUL MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN CHURCH MEMBERS—"

"Comment is superfluous," as the country editor says.

### Very Natural.

The N. Y. *Congregationalist*, in speaking of the death of a young clergyman, very pathetically says:—

"As was perfectly natural, and right, Mr. Haws desired to live, as did Hezekiah and David, and other good men.

The writer need not have gone so far back for illustrious example, as there are plenty of modern ones of the same sort. Our neighbors, SMITH, JONES and JENKINS, albeit indifferently bad men in many respects, exhibit an equal love of existence. Even VANITY FAIR is not ashamed to confess a resigned willingness to live.

### Why should'nt We?

"The Queen of Spain has subscribed 4,000,000 reals in the Papal loan."

That is what we should call a Real aid.

### Fall Millinery.

"The union ladies of the interior of Kentucky are having Bell and Everet printed on their bonnet strings."

So says an Exchange. This indicates a *tie*, and consequently no election.

### Query.

Does Mr. LINCOLN's support of the Homestead Bill prove him to be a SECTION-AL candidate?

### Bankrupt's Motto.

Give me liberty or give me debt.

### Fruits of the Political Season.

Party Candi-dates.

## PADDY'S ODE TO THE PRINCE.

MIGHTY
Prince!
It's no offince,
Your wor-
ship, that
I mane ye,
While I confiss
'Twas raal
bliss,
A moment
to have
sane ye!

That you
should see
The likes o'me,
The while I
stud adji-
cent,
I don't sup-
pose,
Although me
clo'es
Was mighty
clane and
dacent.

Av coorse, ye
know
Twas long ago,
I looked at Jukes and *such* men,
And longer since,
An *English* Prince
Begotten by a Dutchnan!

But by me troth,
And bible-oath!
Wid all me Irish shyness,
I've passed the word
Wid many a lord,
Much taller than your Highness!

Ah! well—bedad,
No doubt ye had,
In token of allagiance,
As good a cup
As ye could sup,
Among thim black Canajans;

But wha'-d'-ye think
Of christian dhrink,
Now tell me *that*, me tulip!
When thro' a sthraw
Your Highness saw,*
The flavor of a *julep?*

And, what is more,
We've got, galore,
Such *oysters*—none can bate 'em!
Ye'll bliss the day
Ye crossed the say,
When ye sit down to ate 'em!

There's craythers rare,
And mighty quare,
In BARNUM's great Muzaum,
By land and wather
And, for a qua'ther,
Your Highness may survey 'em!

Thim haythen chaps,
The nayger *Japs*,
Wid all their curst expinses,
Just tuk their fill,
And left a bill
At which the paple winces;

But thin, no doubt,
Ye'll ride about
Wid BOOLE and all the Aldermen;
They've little sinse,
But, for expinse,
There's not a set of boulder men!

FERNANDY WUD
Has dacent blood,
And illigant morality;
And ye may swear
Our mighty Mayor
Will show his horsepitality!

The soldiers all
Are at his call,
Wid Captains to parade 'em;
And at the laste,
Ye'll get a taste
Of dimmecratic fraydem!

But plase to note,
Ye're not to *vote*—
A privilege, by Jabers;
Ye couldn't hope,
Were ye the Pope,
Until ye've got the papers!

Well, mighty Prince,
Accept these hints;
Most frayly I indite 'em;
'Tis luck, indade
If ye can rade
As aisy as I write 'em!

And when the throne
Is all ye'r own,
At which ye're daily steerin',
Wid all the care
That ye can spare,
*Rimimber poor ould Erin.*

*The faculty of *seeing a flavor* is, of course, peculiarly Hibernian.—ED. V. F.

## TOUCHING INSKIP.

As our readers are aware, a Methodist Camp Meeting has recently been held on "the old battle ground" at Sing Sing. The old campaigners at the "old battle ground" were this year quite as numerous as ever before, if not more so. The new recruits, too, turned out uncommonly strong. And one and all pressed forward in the battle against Sin, like unto "an army with banners." In the thickest of the fight, prominent among the leaders, was Colonel, otherwise Reverend, J. S. INSKIP, of the Ninth-street Brigade, otherwise Church. The Colonel managed his forces with surprising ability, and literally gave Sin fits. Sin hadn't a leg to stand upon when the martial Reverend got through with him. To give the reader an idea of the INSKIP tactics, we quote, begging pardon for the length of the extract, from the *Herald* report:

"As soon as Mr. SEARLS had finished his sermon, REV. J. S. INSKIP, of the Ninth street church, followed him, giving one of the most thrilling and pathetic exhortations to the "unconverted" we ever listened to. The vast audience, numbering at least five thousand, appeared to be in tears while he enumerated several remarkable incidents which came under his own personal supervision while laboring in Philadelphia. The story which he told about a young lady who trifled with religion, produced a profound impression. She was at his church one evening, when he urged upon her personally the importance of attending to her soul's salvation, but she disdainfully replied when questioned, 'That's none of your business.' A few days afterwards she was taken ill unexpectedly, and when dying remarked, in agony to her mother, 'I am lost, I am lost.' He subsequently learned that she kept company with a young man who was fond of going to balls, and that while attending one of these entertainments she contracted a cold which resulted in her death. She sent for JOSEPH, and her dying words to him were, 'JOSEPH, I am going to hell, and I shall charge my damnation on you.' This language, used under such circumstances, had such an effect upon the young man that reason forsook its throne, and he soon died a raving maniac.

Some weak-minded people may object to the tone of our remarks upon this Mr. INSKIP, and accuse us of speaking lightly of religious subjects. To them we would say that we of VANITY FAIR have too much regard for *true* religion, to think for a moment of considering such ghastly trash as the above from a serious point of view.

By a Detective.

"I'm not on that lay," said the old hen when the farmer's wife put duck eggs under her.

The English vox populi.

LORD BROUGHAM and VAUX.

## STARTLING DISCLOSURE.

PUBLIC is promised a great treat. Public is to know "who wrote RUTLEDGE." The vehicle of curiosity is to be fairly got over the Ruts of aggravation and out of the Ledge of tantalization into the open square of revelation. And the Publishers think that they are just the men to Do It.

Not so fast gentlemen. You are very rapid but there is One ahead of you. As well may you attempt to dam up the waters of the what dy'e call it, with a thingembob as to hope to surpass VANITY FAIR in enterprize. As a proof whereof we forewarn the public that WE hereby give

THE ONLY AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT
THE ONLY AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT
THE ONLY AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT
THE ONLY AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT
OF

THE AUTHORESS OF RUTLEDGE!
THE AUTHORESS OF RUTLEDGE!
THE AUTHORESS OF RUTLEDGE

### Ferocious.

JAMES PINCKNEY HAMBLEDON Esq., is down on COBB. Not the great COBB, SYLVANUS, not the author of "Leon de Bournay, or the Conspirator of Cordova," not the COBB who writes for IT, but COBB, simple COBB, COBB, Secretary of these limited States, in fact. This is the COBB that JAMES PINCKNEY HAMBLEDON Esq., is down on. "Down on," to quote the inspired words of the bard "like a thousand of brick." JAMES PINCKNEY HAMBLEDON, Esq., being editor of a Southern paper called the *Confederacy*, as we all know, or don't, vents his indignation against COBB in the columns of that journal. And doesn't he give it to the Secretary good, though? Only hear him:

"Prometheus like, he stands chained to the rock of public incredulity, and with a fungus liver gorged to hepatization by federal aromatics, the Southern vulture of an outraged people revels at his discomfiture, and will feed with insatiable gusto upon his bloated carcass."

There! if that won't keep COBB awake nights we should like to have somebody tell us what will.

### Quite a different thing.

CLARK MILLS' statue of Washington and the Horse, since it cost the government $25.000, may be called a very high art order, but we are sure that there is no one so stupid as to think it belongs to a high order of art.

## "COSMOPOLITES" ATTENTION!

IN THE JERSEYS, Aug. 27, 1860.

*To the Editor of Vanity Fair*:—You are generous. I knew you would publish my complaint. I knew also—at least I felt assured by your well-known love of fair play—that if any Yorker saw fit to reply to me, you would likewise print what he had to say. Hence I was not frightened to find some individual who signs himself a "Cosmopolite" (whatever that may be, for I haven't my big Worcester here yet; it's ordered, but has not come)—pitching into me. I have only a word to say to this young man.

He accuses me, and all Jerseymen as well, of wiping my "nasty, red Jersey mud" upon his polished boots. Now, I deny that I ever used any young man's boots for a mat. *I* have been brought up to wipe my feet before I enter a house or a public conveyance. Perhaps *he* has been taught that such an act of cleanliness is quite unnecessary. And then the quip at Jersey! Can Jersey help it if her soil is red? Certainly not. And *you* know, my dear sir, how easy Jersey mud comes off when it's dry; it is no more like your sticky New-York paste than "Cosmopolite" is like me—the Lord be praised for the difference, as the fellow said.

Mr. COSMOPOLITE wants to know what "Mr. J. FARMER and his JERUSHA" would do with his old berries and corn, if it wasn't for the "young snobs" who buy them and eat them. In the first place, let me tell him, that I don't send any *old* berries or *old* corn to market. All my garden-stuff is fresh and good, and I defy your correspondent to prove that it isn't. In the next place, the very fact that the snobs have to depend on me and my neighbors for their food, is the best reason why they should treat us with some respect. It is not an old saw that says a man shouldn't quarrel with his bread and butter.

Then again, that captious young man (I think he was the very fellow who snickered in my face when I tried to fasten the omnibus-door) thinks he's got me, when he says, "I found one man that didn't laugh at me in York. That man was the Editor of the *Musical World*. Hence, says your correspondent, "it is not true that countrymen are always laughed at." I say it is true. The excellent man of the *Musical World* is a born Jerseyman, born up among the nail-makers at Boonton, and hasn't lived so long in your old town yet, but he has a little consideration left for folks.

As for the flings of "Cosmopolite" at my JERUSHA, and that duck of a daughter of mine who answers to the name of SARAH JANE, I shall take no notice of them. Only, if that young man ever comes up this way, and my JERUSHA gets hold of him, I really do not know what will happen. She is powerful mad, I tell you, and it is as much as I can do to calm her.

With indignation more "altitudinous" even than that of "Cosmopolite," I am yours eternally, and for the last time—with thanks for your politeness besides,

JEDEDIAH FARMER.

### Epigram on a Decollete Dress——.

That "effects are the same from a similar cause,"
Is one of the famous Socratian laws,
Whose falsity we may discover;
For—quite in the teeth of the logical rule,
The style of apparel that keeps EMMA cool,
Just kindles a flame in her lover!

### So much the better for him.

From the unpretentious manners of H. R. H. ALBERT EDWARD, and the uniform good courtesy with which he has treated everybody since he landed in this country, we should infer that he has already become imbued with our American institutions, or in other words, that he is fast turning from a Prince des Galles, as the Quebeckers call him, to a Prince d' Egalité.

### Doubtless.

It is in contemplation to erect a new building on the City Park grounds, to be used as a Court House.

When our City Fathers vote an appropriation, there will be "speculation in those *ayes*."

### Yankee Shrewdness.

Gov. BANKS' removal to Chicago. He thinks he has the East safe enough for '64, and now goes to "operate for a rise" in the West.

### An Endless Extension.

An India rubber ring.

## A BAD BUSINESS FOR MR. McGILP, THE ARTIST.

HE HAS GOT UP HIS FEATURES BY A LOOKING-GLASS TO AID HIM IN EMBODYING A CONCEPTION OF MADNESS, WHEN IN COMES MRS. CLAMBAKE UNEXPECTEDLY FOR A SITTING—AND IT WILL BE EVER SO LONG BEFORE HE CAN GET HIS FACE UNDONE AGAIN!

### A SMART PAPER.

The New York *Herald* is indeed an enterprising sheet. Not content with getting ahead of everybody else in the matter of "latest intelligence" "full particulars," etc., it has lately taken to constructing something new in the philological line. With characteristic dauntlessness, too, it makes its first dash at a foreign tongue. From its elegant White Sulphur Springs correspondence we take the following hardy paragraph:—

MRS. GEN. W—L of Texas, without aiming to exercise influence, holds as much as any of her compeers, which is due to her amiability, her excellent and chaste taste in dress and her evident *savoir monde* preventing any one who approaches her feeling ill at ease.

Passing over the extraordinary compliment paid to the lady's capacity, in the allusion to the quantity which she holds, we have somewhat else to say. *Savoir faire* and *Savoir vivre* we have heard of, but the "*Savoir monde*" of Mrs. G[illegible]S. W—L, of Texas, is is not so "evident" to us as it is to the *Herald* man.

But,—as you were about to remark—that can very easily be accounted for by the superior intelligence of the last-named. The non-existence of the word, however, may have had a little to do with it.

### More presumption.

The dailies tell us that the Douglas Democratic State Convention which met at Syracuse last week, make the following nominations:

| | |
|---|---|
| Governor | WILLIAM KELLY, of Duchess. |
| Lieutenant Governor | WILLIAM F. ALLAN, of Oswego. |
| Canal Commissioner | WILLIAM W. WRIGHT, of Ontario. |
| States Prison Inspector | WILLIAM C. RHODES, of Chemung |

Whether these four Williams will be elected or not is another question. We presume, however, as to this, that the Douglasites put their faiths in the old proverb "Where there's a Will there's a Way."

### "Si Sic Omnes."

In a late number of a cotemporary daily journal, under the head of "Political," we find the following bit of sanitary intelligence:

COL. A. JONAS of Quincy, Ill., addressed a large audience of Republicans at Plymouth, in the same State, on Monday.

If COL. A. JONAS was ill, and if the numerous Republicans addressed by him were in the same state, our cotemporary should have informed us with regard to the nature of the epidemic that seems to prevail at the locality above referred to. It might have been owing to the eclipse, or the meteor, or the late tornadoes; but our private opinion is that some wily Democrat did the business by drugging their liquor for them.

NOUVELLE YORK 27th Aug. 1860.

MONSIEUR.—Plusiers year ago I read zee novel of Monsieur VALTER SCOTT. In one of zem I find one prophecie which the morning paper tell me will now become true. Voici zee announcement:

SMITH—MICKLE.—At Troy on Wednesday, the 22d inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. GRANT HARRIS, WILLIAM SMITH esq., of Troy, to Miss ANNETT F. MICKLE.

Does it not appear strange to you Monsieur that at last "A MICKLE will come to be *mére*." Tout à vous,

JEAN CRAMPAUX.

### A very Remarkable Joke.

While the rails on our steam highways rest upon *sleepers*, LINCOLN'S political *rails* are borne up by *Wide Awakes*.

### New words to an old air.

Why is the Prince of Wales like frost?
Because he is Heir (air) apparent.

# KEEPING QUEER COMPANY.

"STRANGE, THESE GIRLS NEVER WILL PROFIT BY EXAMPLE! THERE WAS POOR SILVA GREY LET HERSELF BE DELUDED BY THAT DEMOCRAT FELLOW IN 1856, AND NOW POOR BELLE EVERETT'S FOLLOWING IN HER FOOTSTEPS, AND NEVER HEEDING THE AWFUL WARNING A MILE!"

## OUR POET'S CORNER.

'IS well known that poets are careless creatures. In nothing do they so much show this "prurient proclivity"—to quote from Captain Stockton—as in the frequency with which they misdirect envelopes. Nothing is more usual than for the pious editor of *The World* to open some lewd ballad written for the *Broadway Belles* and *City Lives*—which it is needless to say is *at once* destroyed the instant its horrible purport becomes plain—which it is sure to do as soon as it has been perused *ad finem*. Messrs Dana and Greeley not unfrequently receive Songs of the South celebrating the successful run of a load of *bozals* or wild darkies into Cuba; and in like manner Vanity Fair often finds in an envelope some lines intended for—say Bonner's *Ledger*. Take, for instance, the following. We have no scruples in taking it, Mr. Bonner, for we are quite confident that all your *good* poems were intended originally for us, and only reached you by misdirection!

### A Night in the Forest.

Light the fagots,
The night is cold;
The sky is stormy,
The wind is wailing,
The house is old.

A drop of brandy
Is still in the flask;
Here's bread and bacon,
A pouch of tobacco—
What more can you ask?

Your knife is bloody,
Your face is pale:
Be quiet, curse you!
'Tis but the window
That shakes in the gale.

Drink, there's naught like it,
On such a night;
You fool, what ails you?
The door is fastened—
Your lips are white!

What! you see him!
See who? And where?
God! what is it?
The dead is living!
Horror! There!

If the editor of V. F., who is a Universalist in his taste, though a Methodist in his politics, has one weakness stronger than another, if he may so express himself, it is for strength and beauty of expression. He delights in grandiloquent language, redolent with a divine aroma and Promethean sublimity—the grand style which Dr. Johnson wrote with such ease, and which, from this circumstance probably, is now called the Johnsonese. His favorite reading is The Rambler in prose, and Paradise Lost in verse, and oft in the stilly night, when he sitteth by his fragrant Kerosene, (his substitute for the classic midnight oil,) he delighteth his aspiring soul with the "large utterance" of Milton. It is a treat to hear him declaim the noble opening of the 13th Book of Paradise Lost,

"Tenebrious gloom obscured the sullen night,"

and that accurate, geographical description of the New Jerusalem, in the 14th Book,

"The air salubrious, and the climate mild."

Bearing this peculiarity of his in mind, the reader of V. F. may conceive his delight when he received the following sublime effusion evidently intended for the Atlantic Monthly, which is quite as remarkable philologically as poetically. The poets of the day must "pale their ineffectual fires," before this new light of song, this rising orb of Apollo, whose initial effort is commended to the readers of V. F. In the words of the Irish epitaph, it is "bland, passionate, deeply religious, and painted in water-colors."

### To Amanda.

O, fairest of thy sex, mellifluous maid!
The gems of virtue deck thy pallid brow,
Thou art in all supernal smiles arrayed,
And Nature pauses, though she knows not how.

Thine eyes are streams of pure chloridian glow,
Dispersed beneath the flugiance of thy hair;
Thy nose is like a peak of Alpine snow,
Whence shadows lixiate to the valleys fair.

Thy neck supports the globules of thy breast;
Ah me! that breast of seraphelean hue,
Where liquid lacteal beauties make their nest,
And vital harmonies come stealing through.

Thy form receptive on the roses lies,
Whose tint thy blushing features made their own;
I turn me from that amorous Paradise,
And bend before thy maiden myth alone!

This touching sacred poem was lately found in Fulton street, not far from the office of the H—e J—l. Can it be from the versatile pen of the senior editor of that excellent family paper? The class of subjects to which it belongs was a favorite with him in his youth; but the style is by no means like his; to have been complete, the imitation, if imitation was intended, should have been in blank verse, a cross between Byron and Mrs Hemans. The Mss. is marked January 1st 1861. Can it have been written for the opening number of a new volume of the H—e J—l? If so we can only express our regret for having had it, and promise to write another for the H—e J—l on a similar subject gratis. To those not familar with its extraordinary style, we may describe this lyric as a fine specimen of the Romantic Biblical so much admired of late years in certain familiarly religious bards.

### Sir Benjamin.

Sir Benjamin came from Egypt, came he,
His brother Joseph he left behind,
And he travelled against the eastern wind,
Till he came to the shores of Galilee.

His mother Rachel she sat by the shore,
And Benny, my boy, said she, said she,
I didn't think ever a thief you'd be,
And I don't want to see you, Ben, no more.

Sure you stole from Joseph his cup of gold,
And hid it so gaily all in your sack,
Till the cruel policemen they took you back,
And clapt you in prison as I've been told.

O mother, be easy, Sir Benjamin said,
For that was a trick of old Joe's you know;
He got me back into Egypt so,
And gave me fraternal board and bed.

And here is the cup of gold, of gold,
My initials are graven beneath the rim,
And sure its a birth-day present from him,
And a very fine one, as I've been told.

She rose, and examined the goblet slow,
And found it was true, and her joy was complete;
And mother, he asked, what is there to eat,
For this my hour for eating, you know.

Then she brought Sir Benjamin right away
A Bologna sausage, not very dear,
And a quart of the very best Lager Bier,
And he had a jolly feast that day!

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### A hint to Martin the Vegetable Voyager.

In rowing a boat on vegetarian principles look out for Leaks. That's wherry funny!

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### Saxe's Last Joke.

Running for Governor.

## "FEATHERED SPRAY."

JENKINS, with his Prince of Wales spectacles on, is beholding in Canada some very remarkable sights. Here is what the *Herald* says about the Chaudière Falls, near Quebec, on the occasion of the royal visit to that turbulent torrent.

As the stream falls it strikes upon a rock, which divides it into three distinct currents, which, again uniting, fall into the cauldron at the bottom. This feature of the falls reminded one of the Prince of Wales' feather, representations of which are so prominently displayed all about Canada.

But, in the above, JENKINS falls far short of the poetry of the occasion. Had JENKINS not been a muff, he would have stated the matter somewhat in the following terms:

"Arrived at the falls ahead of the royal *cortége*, I was contemplating in wrapt ecstacy the elegantly attired Iris who, according to her custom, was reclining "enthroned amid the infernal surge," when, to my unspeakable surprise I beheld the goddess remove her bonnet, suddenly, from her iridescent back hair, and, placing it upon her left knee, fit into it adroitly, with her right hand, a gigantic Prince of Wales' feather, which she had under her shawl, carefully wrapped up in a sheet of water. She then replaced her bonnet; and at this moment the Prince came upon the ground. The effect can be more easily imagined than described. It was, indeed, the realization of the poet's "feathered spray."

And are we going to sit down, tamely, out done by daily JENKINS? Not much. Actuated by a desire to keep peace with the great movement of the day, we have despatched a special corresponding artist to the neighboring Provinces, with explicit instructions to see everything through the Canadian goggles with which we have provided him, and report accordingly. His first brief communication is as follows:

"Arm-in-arm with H. R. H. the Prince, I ascended the flight of rock along the Montmorency river, known as the "Natural Steps," on reaching the platform at the top of which, H. R. H. remarked that it was a very Natural Step for us to take. I am still laughing at this royal joke, which was repeated with emphasis by echo from her grottos in the rocks. Also at another joke, made by H. R. H. on the same never-to-be-forgotten occasion. Pointing to a group of trees, the Prince asked me—"And what manner of trees may those be, prithee?"—"Spruce, an't please Your Royal Highness," replied I; to which H. R. H. required, quickly—"I thought so—they look so Spruce."

On arriving at the bend of the river, a magnificent, if not miraculous sight presented itself to us—a grove of evergreen trees, all branching out in the exact semblance of a P. of W. plume. At the request of H. R. H. I drew one of these trees, and send you a sketch of the scene, containing a view of myself as I was and went and did it."

OUR SPECIAL ARTIST SKETCHING A CANADIAN TREE AS SEEN THROUGH HIS PRINCE OF WALES SPECTACLES.

## PRINCE-OF-WHALESIANA.

Certain Roman Catholic prelates at Quebec took umbrage at the Prince of Wales, because H. R. H. neglected to designate them as "lords," or "gentlemen," on the occasion of the royal visit to Laral College. So umbrageous, indeed, were these bishops, that they even declined an invitation to go in and have a cut at the Prince's Welch mutton—which was a noticeable piece of self-denial in priests. This embarrassed the Duke of Newcastle, who, however, advised H. R. H. to make it up with the bishops by issuing a new invitation to them, garnished with all their titles as conceded by courtesy or by law.

"Nay, my lord," quoth the Prince; "an there be law, also there be Latin, and so say I *Nolo Episcopari*, I won't be bishoped."

A boy who frequents the Esplanade and rampart at Quebec, has been doing a large transaction in the stones of peaches at two shillings apiece, eaten by the Prince of Wales. One young lady boasts of having secured a dozen of these peach stones, on which being reported to the Prince, H. R. H. looked serious, and said:

"Ah! there will be scandal by-and-by about those peach stones. The silly girl should keep quiet about them. Remember what MOLIERE says:

*"Le scandale du monde est ce qui fait l'offence,*
*Et ce n'est pas Pecher que Pecher en silence."*

The Indian Department of Canada has got into trouble with the Prince, who was much affected at reading in the New-York *Herald*, of the 26th of August, the following statement respecting the condition of the Lorette Indians:

"The women were entirely destitute of hoops."

"*Lorettes* without hoops!" exclaimed the Prince, on reading the above; "only think of that! This must be seen to, my Lord of Newcastle."

And the Indian Department has been ordered to report on the matter, accordingly.

### Fanny Fern-al.

It is related of FANNY FERN that she once broke a whole toilet-set, in a rage, because a Philadelphia tavern-keeper charged her the price of a single article of the set aforesaid. Well! what of it? There is nothing strange in the story. Isn't FANNY accustomed to breaking family pets? *Vide* RUTH HALL."

### A Diminished Noise.

Dr. JAMES O. NOYES, of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. He of the "Editor's Table" says that NOYES is *not* the Editor, but that "the original" CLARK still plays "Old Knick." Clear the ring for a NOYES-y fight. VANITY FAIR offers two good eggs to one on GAYLORD CLARK. Are there any takers?

### Verd-antiquarianism.

WORCESTER'S dictionary defines the word berylline as "of a pale green color;" this definition doubtless answers to Mr. MARTIN, who is so much in the berry line; and who, judging from his absurd theory of life, is most probably of "a pale green color."

### And yet Another.

Why has CAPTAIN MARTIN'S recent trip in his skeleton-boat proved him to possess the most powerful voice on record? Because he has shown that he can row her (roar) from Boston to New-York.

### Wonder if they Do.

They had a "Board of Music Trade Convention" in town the other day. VANITY FAIR begs to inquire if the Board-of-Music-Traders take each other's notes for pay?

### A Good Fit.

The pugnacity of our stump-speakers and congressional debaters has classical precedent. For does not HORACE tell us that even in in his time an "orator *fit*."

### One thing a Hen can't do.

Lay a wager. Even HEN WARD BEECHER must'nt strive, save in one way, to become a better man.

### What the Speech-makers say

The striker at a political meeting, like the festive Bohea, "Cheers but not inebriates."

PROFESSIONAL OPINION.

1*st Cullud Man and Brudder.*—WELL, MR. CISCO, WHA' YOU 'PINION ON DE GENERAL 'PEARANCE OB DE PARK?

*Mr. Cisco.*—WELL, MR. DOWNING—SEEMS TO BE A SALUBEROUS PLACE—BUT DEY'D 'PROVE IT IM-MENSELY EF DEY WOULD WITE-WASH DE ROCKS—YA, YAH!

## THE BALLAD OF CAPTAIN HICKS.

*Air.*—CAPTAIN KID.

My name was ALBERT HICKS
As I sailed, as I sailed,
My name was ALBERT HICKS
As I sailed;
My name was ALBERT HICKS,
I was always up to tricks,
And I got in many a fix
As I sailed, as I sailed,
But I didn't care nothing—nix,
As I sailed.

I murdered many men
As I sailed, as I sailed,
I murdered many men,
As I sailed,
I murdered many men,
But I can't tell how, or when,
And I'll murder some again
If I sail, if I sail,
I'll murder some again,
If I sail.

I shipped on board a sloop,
In the Sound, in the Sound,
I shipped on board a sloop,
In the sound;
I shipped on board a sloop,
Of her gold to make a swoop,
And to murder all the group,
In the sound, in the sound,
To murder all the group
In the sound.

I murdered Captain BURR,
With an axe, with an axe;
I murdered Captain BURR
With an axe.
I murdered Captain BURR
Until he could not stir,
And SMITH WATTS and OLIVER,
With an axe, with an axe;
I murdered OLIVER
And made tracks.

But I was condemned to die,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
I was condemned to die,
As I sailed.
I was condemned to die,
And to dangle up on high,
On the charge of piracy,*
As I sailed, as I sailed,
To expire for piracy
As I sailed.

So I summoned up my jailer,
To confess, to confess,
I summoned up my jailer,
To confess.
I summoned up my jailer,
And sent for Mr. GAYLER,
As my literary tailor
To confess, to confess,
To ornament the sailor,
More or less.

Then I told a lot of lies,
Which was writ, which was writ,
I told a lot of lies,
Which was writ;
I told a lot of lies
About various piracies,
All of which I now denies,
Though they're writ, though they're writ,
And published quarto size
By DEWITT.

Then onto Gibbet Isle
I was took, I was took,
Then onto Gibbet Isle
I was took.
Then onto Gibbet Isle,
I was hanged a little while,
But not long enough to spile,
For by hook, or by crook,
The doctors by some wile
Had me took.

Then with electricity,
As I sailed, as I sailed
With electricity,
As I sailed
With electricity,
They resuscitated me,
And made me hear and see,
As I sailed, as I sailed,
Made me a fellow de sea,
As I sailed.

Now strange as you may fancy,
Is my tale, is my tale,
Oh strange as you may fancy
Is my tale.
Ah! strange as you may fancy,
If you'll question Mr. CLANCY,
You'll find how un-romancy,
Is my tale, is my tale,
How full of fact, not fancy,
Is my tale.

### Partly Explained.

The success of the Pope's cause with the Irish peasantry, must be attributed to the fact that, no matter what interests may be overlooked, his Holiness will not neglect the papal.

*The accent on this last syllable is long.

## THE AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF THE RESUSCITATION OF HICKS.

BROADWAY, New York, Aug. 27th, 1860.

*To the Editor of Vanity Fair:*

RESPECTED SIR:—As there seems to be some doubt in the public mind as to the alleged resuscitation of the celebrated ALBERT HICKS pirate; and as I was present at the above-mentioned resuscitation, I think it right to present to the public, thro' your valuable sheet, some facts not mentioned in the account recently published by the *Leader*.

And *imprimis*, permit me to say that there were present on the occasion, besides those mentioned in the *Leader* and myself. Messrs DE ANGELIS, CHARLES GAYLOR and JOHN CLANCY.

The room where the operation was performed is oblong, about 14x10, with three windows, and is lighted by candles, (or burning-fluid sometimes) a long table stood in the center of the room, on which lay the body of the deceased Hicks, and by his side, the instruments to be used in the operation, to wit: One bottle of Bourbon whisky and one of brandy (the brandy to revive him if he should feel faint after the operation, and the Bourbon in case he shouldn't like brandy), four clay pipes, one smoothing-iron, a pair of forceps, another of nut-cracker, a model of a hydraulic ram, and a 42 horse-power steam galvanic electro-magnetic battery. Having been invited by the gentlemen above-named to perform the operation, I placed the body in a semi-horizontal, reclining lying down posture; then I seized a large cheese knife (which I neglected to mention in the list of instruments) and proceeded as follows:—

I first made an incision under the waistband of his pantaloons below the button, and with a rapid circumflex cut, severed his pocket from his body; this the unfortunate corpse bore without flinching; on a microscopical examination by Mr. GAYLOR, the pocket was found to contain one copper cent of 1852; one nickel of 1859; one German-silver tooth-pick, and one buck-horn jack-knife inlaid with dirt.

I next proceeded to cut away the ganglione from the filicum and taking a rapid cut turned up nearly the whole of the rhododendron nux-vomicus. There was noticeable at this stage of the operation a slight twitching at the left approximal corner of the submaxillary, which was afterwards explained, as on examination we found a chew of extra fine tobacco in the corner of the *Leader's* lower jaw, which doubtless caused this phenomenon by sympathetic conglomeration.

After consideration I now applied the battery to the incision I had already made, and was surprised by an immediate movement, or series of movements on the part of the corpse. I found myself (having my back to the body) suddenly prostrated by a posterior movement of the left flange of the anus on the part of the deceased, who immediately after sat up on the table and by means of the deaf and dumb language, (which I so fortunately understand) informed me that his right side was paralysed and his right eye and tongue rendered useless; he regretted that he was thus necessitated to converse with his left hand; just as he had finished giving me the above information his left hand suddenly interrupted itself, to seize the bottle of Bourbon whisky, which it elevated to his mouth, and a series of gurgles soon satisfied me that his throat was in the right place. Being much refreshed, HICKS next demanded, by the sign language, a copy of the last issue of the *World*, and proceeded at once to swallow it; as might have been expected, the dose was too much for him, and he fainted, being overcome with deathly sickness. We however recovered him, when he kindly consented to tell a true statement of his life since his death, to Mr. CHARLES GAYLOR, who will publish it for his own acct., price 25 cents.

I will conclude by stating that the experiment has thus far proved entirely successful, and that by placing the severed pocket under the hydraulic ram, we managed to squeeze two more nickels therefrom. We are sanguine of great success in the future.

P. H. LE BOTEMY, M. D.

N. B. It will be seen that I have corrected a few errors which occurred in the published account. Science invariably corrects.

## STUPENDOUS PROSPERITY.

"Last year there passed over the North Pennsylvania Rail Road:

| | *Tons.* |
|---|---|
| Coal, | 77,372 |
| Iron, | 16,597 |
| Miscellaneous freight, | 71,188 |
| Lime, bushels | 236,805 |
| Milk, gallons | 901,783 |
| Passengers, | 303,757 |
| Earnings, | $347,301 |
| Expenses, | $158,903." |

PHILADELPHIA, August 27, 1860.

DEAR VANITY FAIR:—By the above statistical account, from *Fitzgerald's City Item*, July 28, 1860, you will see how our ideas here in this little village are enlarging. We now measure Lime, Milk, Passengers, together with *earnings* and *expenses* by the *Ton!* What do you think of 347,801 Tons of Dollars as a little item in the earnings, or of 158,903 Tons of Dollars as a total of Expenses of this Company. Could not the reporter of this account have told us whether the Dollars were of metal or paper?

Perhaps you would not object to counting a ton of paper (say $5000 bills) and also the number of gold Dollars in a Ton, thus giving your readers a useful and edifying statistical table whereby to calculate the wealth of Quakerdom. EWERS, SKEWERS.

### More Developments.

The *Herald* has been coming out very strong on its dead language lately. Its most recent philological eruption, is on account of M. MUZZIO. Somebody told the *Herald* that M. MUZZIO had written a *semi-seria* Opera. The next morning the readers of that enterprising sheet, were informed that "M. MUZZIO's new opera, to which he had given the title of *Semiseria*, would shortly be introduced at the Academy of Music, with that attention to *mise en scéne*" etc.

Clever paper that *Herald*, but its a pity it can't keep a schoolmaster.

### Law Crossed.

One CROSS has obtained judgment against GEORGE LAW in the amount of $16,000. So, for the first time in his life, GEORGE has actually been CROSSED. We have hopes of the law yet, especially when it goes against LAW.

### Custom House Couplet.

*(After Mamma Goose.)*

Here comes BUCK's agent, by whom you'll be bled,
Or here comes a chopper to chop off your head.

### Three kins-men.

JINKINS, TOMKINS and WILKINS.
(See *Herald* Aug. 27 1860).

### Cabbage.

The new moral of the *Household of Bouverie*, from the *Student of Salamanca.*

When physicians are ennobled, what title would be the most appropriate? Mar-grave of course.

**How the English should physic the French if they Invade the Isle.**

Give them some of Dover's powder and a lead mixture.

# VANITY FAIR.

## VANITY FAIR,

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"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ought to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose contributions promise to be set on a hill and shine accordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press,*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

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"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

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"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

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"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for originality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

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